THIS SHOWS THE NEED OF AN AIRSHIP IN TEXAS

The Coon Skin Trust, a Buffalo Raise in a Panhandle Poker Game, and a Businesslike Ferryman.

fax., Jan. 7 .- "When my oil ! wn and begins to gush," said are Dickensheets, secretary, lirector, promoter, and great ducer, "and I get my 800-acre potatoes in and my vice irrigatworking, down on Sam Wilprairie. I am thinking very strongly of my own that I've thought up, and just enjoy myself sailing over this Sabine re gazing down on that oil well sponthose laters growing, and that canal feeding water to those newborn ricefields, and, while I'm at it, incidentally settling my mind definitely the plans for my railroad from the great Louislana timber belt to the tabif of Mexico. And there you gre. An airship. That's the idea."

Col. Jim Furlong, who keeps the Hol-

land Hotel, parted his Santa Class whiskers blaze from his \$700 Christmas gift diamond scarfpin shoot through them. tranger who sat next the lamb of the fireplace was a nice clean looking old man. The opalent words spoken by comprehensive Citizen Dickensheets were still astounding his tympanum when the fire from Col. Jim's scarfpin caught in his eye. He winked and blinked so that cal Jim kindly shut up his whiskers, and colling to the colling of old man. The opisient words spoken by the light went out.

Pears like, from the way it sounds and looks to me." said the stranger, "that ! I'll be dadburned if I believe one of you fellers ever used 'coonskins for money.' 'An idea'" eagerly exclaimed C. Don-

checare Dickensheets. "'coonskins for money! There you are! 'Coonskins are worth a dollar apiece.

There is no end to 'coons here and hereabout. They visit more hencoops o' nights than the two-legged ones do. Davidson's man, at Johnson's Bayou, trapped two 'coons every night last week in his hen-

'Mind you, only one hencoop! Two toons every night for a week. Fourteen enons. Dollar a 'coon. Fourteen dol-

*Now, s'pose he had had, sav, ten hencoops. Two 'coons apiece in each coop. Twenty 'coons a night. One hundred and forty 'coons a week. Dollar a 'coon. One hundred and forty dollars a week. See

"Now, there's no money in just raising chickens. Too much risk. Danger of overstocking the market. But cooping up chickens to draw 'coons to the trap! That's a scheme!

'Two 'coons per night per coop. Davidson's man showed that it can be done. Well, then. Say a hundred coops two hundred 'coons nightly-fourteen hundred 'coons weekly-and there you are!

'Why, say! There's room enough 'round here on the prairie for 5.000 coops! See the barrels of money in it? Dadalmighty milldam! I organize the 'Coon Enticing Hencoon Company to-morrow, with a capital big enough to put in a plant of not less than 1.000 coops, and 'coonskins for money? Why, say, stranger! Hang around here for a month or so, and we'll show you 'coonskins for money ranked up like cordwood!

like cordwood!"

The nice clean looking old man gasped once or twice and moved a little further away. Then he said:

"What I meant for to say, speakin' of 'coenskins for money, was that I'd be dadburned if I believed any o' you fellers ever had to use 'coenskins as a c irculatin' mejum between man and man, same as if they might a-ben coin, to pay for the luxuries and the necessaries of life, from bread to corn juice. That's what I meant for to

mean for you to say that you wouldn't be saying so if you knew any-thing about how we had to run things up in the Texas Panhandle in the good old days," said Col. Jim Furlong. "The coin of the realm was in denomination from a rab-bit skin up to a bear hide.

pits, 'coons, foxes and wolves were the hief long green of the Panhandle in its paimy days. They were sort o' the money of the people. Buffalo, bear, mountain on and such were regular Government

A fellow could start in and have a tolerable nice time on a couple of 'coon skins, but with a fox skin or two, or a wolfskin, becould shop around and cut quite a figure. A chap with a bear skin, or a buffalo hide, or a mountain lion pelt—oh, well! Nobody ever asked any questions about a chap that had such collateral as that

had such collateral as that.

A fellow citizen named Snarly Piper played it a little low on me one time up there. It was a jack and it had gone round two or three times, when I opened it for a 'coon, as I wanted everybody in.

We generally played a wolf limit, but somehow we hadn't drawn any limit that day. All of 'em dropped out after a bit except Snarly Piper, and he kept coming back at me with a raise every time.

ich collateral as that.

next bet and rake in the pot.

But instead of raising me a couple of molves, as he had been doing right along, me a buffalo! And all I had left was

Raised me a plumb out. Snarly did, and laid for his chance to do it, too! I opened it on lacks and didn't better, but it was a low down play of Snarly's, just the same, for these But bluff was bluff in the Texas

ensking for money, did you say?

Col. Furlong split his patriarchal beard in the middle again, and the fire from the \$700 diamond scarfpin flashed in the nice cleanold man's eye until he had to turn his head away. Then Col. Jim shut it behind the whiter. kers again, where its effulgence m it to the edges of the beard and m as with a halo. Arkansas, whar I hail from."

ranger, ignoring all reference sallegations as to pelt currency landle, which ignoring Col. Jim ined to regard as a persona p in Arkansas, whar I hail irin' the time we had to use nd setch as the circulatin between man and man, to pay for iries and necessities, from bread nd necessities, from bread 'coonskins, reckonin' of 'em wuth six bits, and mushfats

I had to go on a ja'nt one time Lands. I laid in a new pair of Simon Legg wanted three a mushrat for but I even three coons. They warn't at that, kaze I beerd arter-id got the same boots at Joe for two 'coons and a mushrat.
anyhow, the layin' in o' them boots round to Bill Sloeum's.

says I lend me a couple o' coons gon it, Jim, savs Bill, 'I cain't do it. bet nine 'coons and ev'ry tarna-irat I had last night on that dog o' kin Bingly's ornary yaller pup-uldn't holler,' says Bill, 'and Bin-lary yaller pup chawed that dog o' shoestrings! I cain't do it, Jim!'

he to shoestrings! I cain't do it Jim!'

Rut I hung on, and by and by Bill

t o'lossened up and lent me one 'coon.

I figgered out that I could squeeze through and I started on my j'ant. The river, on the fur side, and when I came

to the ferry where I had to cross I asked the ferryman how much it was to git over. "Mushrat," says he. "I perjuced my 'coon, but the feller shook

his head.

"I cain't change it, says he. The river's ben so sort o' uppish for a week back, says he, that that hain't ben no travel, and I hain't took in a mushrat fer I dunbo when. I cain't change ver'coon, says he.

"All right, says I. Til be j'antin' back ag in in a day or two, I savs, and then I'li her change and I'll settle."

But the feller shuck his head ag'in, and he says:

he says: 'A mushrat in the hand.'
'No,' he says. 'A mushrat in the hand.' he says, 'is with a hull passel o' coons in the noiler tree,' says he.

"Wall,' I says, 'but it's only a mushrat

to git over in yer ornery old scow. I says, and you don't raik'n that I'm gwine to pay you the wuth o' three mushrats to git

'No says the ferryman, that wouldn't be business, neither. But I cain't change yer coon's ays he, and I hain't never kep' no books yit, and I don't raik'n to open I see that he was a right smart sort of business man, but so was I, and I didn't raik'n to give him a 'coon for somethin'

hat warn't with only a mushrat, so I says "Ain't thar no other place to git across this river but right yere?" I says.
"Oh, yas!" he says. 'You kin take the

ord, he says.

"Thank you for lettin' mel' I says.

Which way is the ford? says I.

Down the river, says the ferryman.

Fifty mile, says he.

"This feller was a business man, and no

mistake, I begun to see, and I was on the p'int o' standin' and deliverin' my 'coon fer what was only with a mushrat, when i

rat for to git over this ferry, says he. I cain't change ver 'coon, and yer 'coon is with phree mushrats, Now, says he, 'gimme yer 'coon. I'll tote you across and back ag'in, and then over another time, says he. That'll be three crossin's, says he, 'and you've had the with o' yer money and you're over, and I've had the with o' my totin', says he.

'I couldn't see how anything could be a fairer deal than that, and I handed over my 'coon and rid in on the scow. The feller ferried me over to t'other side, and I see him lookin' my 'coon over like he was criticisin' of it, jest before he made the landin' he come to me with the 'coon in his hands, and he says.

Yas, says the feller. 'Two mushrats, And co'se I cain't give you the wuth o' three mushrats for a two mushrat 'coon,' says he. 'Bein' a business man your own-self,' says he, 'I don't raik'n you'd 'spect I've give you a two mushrat totin

me to. I've give you a two mushrat totin' says he, 'and you orto be more keerful,' says he, 'about takin' circulatin' mejum with a hole in it, 'says he.

"Co'se, I'd had the with o' my money, and I couldn't find no fault, so I rid off o' the scow ag'in and fifty raite down the river to the ford, jest because.

"Just because you didn't have an airship!" exclaimed Promoter Dickensheets.
"I see more than ever the importance of one! There's no telling what time a fellow may run shy of circulating medium, and just see how an airship might come to his rescue! I'll build mine right away!"

"And make it a hot-air ship, Dick, said Col, Jim Furlong, letting another streak

Col. Jim Furlong, letting another streak of fire shoot through his whiskers from his diamond. "Then you'll always have your own fuel with you, and it won't cost you a

But the secretary, manager, director, promoter and scheme producer had the nice clean looking old man in tow, and was headed toward the highball refectory.

DIAZ AS A MAN OF DESTINY. Relation Between His Life and the Date

corn juice. That's what I meant for to say, hearin' and seein' what I have heered and seen settin' here."

our fates are predestined. Said a minit man from Mexico, "it is President Diaz.

"He was born at it b'clock at night Sont 15. That is the anniversary of Mexican independence, although Sept. 16 is celebrated as the notional holiday.

agreed on Sept. 16 for the outbreak and growth and style I cut loose and laughed were to open the ball at the ringing of a for fair, and everybody held up their hands, bell on the plaza of Guangiuato. But bell on the plaza of Guanajyato. But on the plaza of Guanajuato. But would too, only he was usin' both hand on the pit of his stomach just then and their plans were known, so he rang didn't seem able to let go. Hidalgo, the Mexican Washington, learned

15, 1830.

"That is a matter of common knowledge and superstition in Mexico. What is not generally known is that every one of his many children, legitimate, and illegitimate, was born either on Sept. 15 or on the anniversary of one of his big military or political victories. I have it from a member of the Diaz household that there is not a single exception to this rule.

"Every year on Sept. 15 the people gather on the plaza in the city of Mexico. Diaz in the city of the court in decards in the court in de generally known is that every one of his niversary of one of his big military or

on the plaza in the city of Mexico. Diaz knew I had the winner, and whooped him up until I had come early to the bottom of my pelts, and I made up to call Snarly's the capital. That is the signal for because the independence celebration.

say that he has grown superstitious about it all, believing that he is under a lucky star, and that he takes these coincidences of birth as a mark of heavenly favor."

tiresome in his talk, which run on and on appeared as if by magic.

"Do all the boys," said Mr. Andrews, smilling, "drop their tools the instant the whistle blows?"

"Oh, no, not all of them," said the card room boys put by their work and disappeared as if by magic.

"The way it had come about that this big deer was Bitkin's buck was that one day years before Cad Bitkin of the Dowdy with a preared as if by magic.

"Oh all the boys," said Mr. Andrews, smilling, "drop their tools the instant the whistle blows?"

"Oh, no, not all of them," said the card room boys put away before that time."

"The way it had come about that this big deer was Bitkin's buck was that one day years before Cad Bitkin of the Dowdy Creek bottoms jumped him up and the buck went down under Cad's first shot. Cad, supposing he was dead, went up to cut his throat, and was standing straddled over

A LL HANDS FINED THE GRINGO

What the Mexican Officials Did to the American Who Laughed at the Funeral.

"Your hard luck story, pardner," said the reformed Westerner, "is some pitiful, to be sure. I admit, on the face of things, that it is plumb unlucky to be mixed up in a powder mill explosion on Sunday and then get fired for disturbing the Sabbath, but that all happened right here in our own U-nited States, and it, isn't a marker to

what has went on across the border. "For instance, take that time I was fined three times for laughing once at the Mexican funeral the time the skyrocket hit the don and Ted Taylor got licked by Sandy McHugh. That was powerful hard luck for certain.

"For Taylor?" inquired a casual by-

The reformed Westerner turned a scornful eye upon the interrupter, who faded slowly into the background. "Hard luck for me, not for Taylor. He deserved his, and I didn't. It all happened

this way: "Being younger and some fonder of trouble than now. I bucks the tiger at El Paso and fattens Larry Brown's bank roll by three hundred odd, gathered hilariously by punchin' steers and brandin' calvest so bein' broke. I takes a job at minin' down in Chihuahua, at Montezuma, where there's an eatin' house and some few other triffin'

things not worth mentionin' "It so happens that I goes to Bacerac. which is across the Sonora line, where the natives is even meaner than in Chibuahua. Along comes a Mexican funeral, so I says in Mexican---

"Spanish, you mean, don't you?" said the bystander.

"Those as has travelled as far West as Jersey City calls it Spanish," said the Westerner. "The Spaniard has a kind of dago language, but it's genuine, such as 'tis, and the Mexican has the Spaniard's language patched and made over, with as much his hands, and he says:
I don't faik'n you knowed it,' says he,
but this circulatin' mejum has got a holelingo to get along on. Where the Spaniard uses three words the greaser uses two and

in it, says he.

"Sure as gum stumps, the coon had a hole in it bigger'n a tame p'simmon'

"Wouldn't call for more than four bits on demand, a 'coon with a hole in it like that un, would it?' says the feller.

"Thar warn't no use in my sayin' it would, for it wouldn't. Four bits 'd been a top ratin' for that 'coon. round and started out with a biographical account of the deceased, which the same would have done for a county history, 'twas so favorable to the departed.

"Now it sure was my luck to get in the way if trouble came along, and trouble was headed straight my way this time The greaser that kept the tienda had laid in a stock of firewor'ts for Cinco de Mayo, but the natives didr't loosen up note, and while he figured later on sellin' of the stock to the gringoes for Fuith o' July, every mother's son of 'em went to Fl Paso for a spree, and the stock stayed on his hands, and sorter soured his disposition seein' as he had about thirty 'dobies locked up

which went near to break him. "The greaser loves a flesta, or any other excuse to knock off work, and it don't matter none to him whether it is a builtight or a funeral, just so long 's he can drop the Delsarte movements he calls work and get a slug or two of tequila under his poncho. A stranger in Mexico is some uncertain first whether he's witnessin' a weddin' or a funeral, both bein' conducted on much the same lines of rejoicin'.

"Some friend of the deceased who had

"If ever a man was a living proof that our fates are predestined," said a mining man from Mexico "it is President: Diag man from Mexico "it is President: Diag has been an extended in his like the padre dodgin' one and twitchin' from Latin to Mexican some sudden in his

Mexican independence, although Sept.
is celebrated as the national holiday.
"The revolutionary conspirators had a free and independent American of Texas

the bell and started things going at 11 o'clock on Sept. 15.

"That was in 1810. Diaz was born Sept."

"That was in 1810. Diaz was born Sept." for three fingers of tequila. Havin' sur-rounded the same, I was about to invite the bartender to do it again, when in came six rurales, which was the police force and

mad to talk Mexican, and he not knowin?

THIS DEER USED HIS BRAIN.

Then my tiresome triends, the rurales, grinned some, and took me to the Whess, which same is spelled j-u-e-z, Mexicans but being poor in the spellin line and havin or other properties of the real meanin of the alphabet—which same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the alphabet—which same is a failin of most of the real meanin of the alphabet—which same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the alphabet—which same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the alphabet—which same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the alphabet—which same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the alphabet—which same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the alphabet—which same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the alphabet—which same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the alphabet—which same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of the rural meanin of the rural meanin of the same is a failin of most of the rural meanin of grinned some, and took me to the Whess, which same is spelled j-u-e-z, Mexicans but being poor in the spellin' line and havin' ornery netions of the real meanin' of the alphabet - which same is a failin' of most foreigners, but some worse in Mexicans than the average run. Somebody must 'altitle the Whess that I had five dobles more, so he scaled me for 'em, and then bein's I was plum broke, or thereabouts, having just dos reales left, which went for two drinks of tequila, they let me go, the rurales intimatin' as I ought to buy 'em the drinks, which hint I can't understand none just then.

hen.

"So I goes to hun: up Sandy McHugh
to borrow \$2 and cuss the greasers, and
finds him on the plaza, a holdin' of a confair
with Ted Taylor, who is pizen, small and
ornery. And Ted, he whips out his sixshooter and draws a toe-line—which same
is a line in the durt scratched by the toe
in his host-and dams. Sandy to come

is a line in the dirt scratched by the toe of his boot-and dares Sandy to come across and get shot up, and Sandy sure goes across in a hurry and takes away the gun and hammers Ted a-plenty.

And then Ted goes off to one cantina and gets drink and Sandy and I goes off to another and takes a few drinks, and Ted and Sandy meets again, and Sandy hammers him some more, the rurales oblightly keepin' to the side streets while the gringoes are havin't their little fun. the gringoes are havin' their little fun, and then Ted goes off again to the doctor and has his face ornamented with some plaster strips, and all hands except Ted selebrate, until Ted comes back and floors

Sandy with a chair, and then all hands turns to and licks Ted some more.

And never a rurale in sight endurin' of the cussin' and fightin', which was sure fierce, lastin', with some few intermissions for Ted to get repaired, from noon till tuidinght—and me soaked by every geezer in the place who were a white coller for

CRIMINALS ARE FATALISTS. They Stick to One Specialty.

From the Detroit Tribune. fatalists," remarked Judge Neff of Pitts-urg recently. Judge Neff is widely known "But

I have noticed that when a criminal is river from the extremity of that. arrested after finishing one sentence the second charge is generally the same as the where the bar joined the mainland. The words

and f. is easy to convince himself that next time he will escape that mistake And so it goes. Ever the next time, just he more chance, and then another, ever condent that the lock must change and it earn turn of the wheel leaves him just a much better equipped and that much

determination to make a success of it.

It he fails and is arrested, convicted and punished, the process of the law simply goes to show him wherein his first job was bung-No sooner is he out of the penitentlary than

of Mexican Independence.

"If ever a man was a living proof that they begin to "y permisc'ous like that they begin to "y permisc'ous like that they begin to "y permisc'ous like the padre dodgin' one and twitchin' from Mexican some sudden in his an from Mexican, "it is President Diaz.

"He was born at 11 b'clock at night on the was born at 11 b'clock at night on the padre was goin' some, the padre was goin' some, the padre was goin' some, the next rocket comes our way, and hits the don, avoids a repetition of his first error, is almost were indeed clear. Satisfied that it was, avoids a repetition of his first error, is almost the buck swam boldly back to the bar.

"He's Bitkin's buck, that s now ne count for minimal least one error, which eventually fusion to "He's Bitkin's buck, that s now ne count for minimal least one error, which eventually fusion to the padre dodgin' one and twitchin' from Latin to Mexican some sudden in his or experience. So our imaginary crook, the said I.

"As the padre was goin' some, the next across the river, plainly to see if the coast avoids a repetition of his first error, is almost the buck swam boldly back to the bar.

"He's Bitkin's buck, that s now ne count for minimal least one error, which eventually fusion to the proper end of the padre dodgin' one and twitchin' from Latin to Mexican some sudden in his reappear slowly at the upper end of the padre dodgin' one and twitchin' from Latin to Mexican some sudden in his reappear slowly at the upper end of the padre dodgin' one and twitchin' from Latin to Mexican some sudden in his reappear slowly at the upper end of the padre dodgin' one and twitchin' from Latin to Mexican some sudden in his reappear slowly at the upper end of the upper end of the padre dodgin' one and twitchin' from Latin to Mexican some sudden in his reappear slowly at the upper end of the upper end of the padre dodgin' one and twitchin' from Latin to develop a sudden in his reappear slowly at the upper end of the upper end of the upper end of the upper end of th ich succeeding erime and detection pointing "As he drew himself out upon it and

Insulted Indian Territory Judge.

From the Muscoger Times. the court room at Wagoner awaiting a initions has mails with a penkulfe. His udge and kept on using the knife, not realize

ng what he was doing.
It was more than the Judge could stand.

Then there followed an attempt to apologize to the Court, but the Judge would not list u to it. He considered the act un insult to the dignity of his considered the act un insult.

MR. HIPPO SWEARS OFF.

Finish of a Big Texas Deer After He Had Thrown One Hunter Into the River. Fooled a Pack of Hounds and Rammed a Boat Under Rifle Fire.

ORANGE, Tex., Jan. 7 .- I raik'n vore

fust shot only jes' finned him. Cunnel. When he heard that remark piped into his ear by a thin little voice that belonged to some one who stood just behind him, Col. Hamp Stone of Beaumont shut off the vigorous language he was using at the time and, turning round, saw a lank, grinning voungster of the Colorado River bottoms standing at the bow of one of the rude canoes the natives use in navigating that part of the stream.

"And it shore is Bitkin's buck!" piped the youngster. As Col. Hamp tells the story, that woke

be almost sure to send a deer across the river at that spot," says the Colonel, "and before I got to the tree on the river bank where I was to watch out a big doe came out of the woods on the opposite shore, swam it, and went bounding away out of sight.

eves glaring and his bristles standing up on his neck six inches high. The boat ran upon a bar a few yards from the island and stuck there.

T stood up and biazed away at the defiant deer. Close as I was, my built merely cut the hair on his shoulder.

"You cain't hit 'im. Cunnel' piped the youngster. 'Nobody cain't hit Bitkin's buck.' m up, and action began. sight

on the trail, although they had not come in the place who were a white collar for two dobies each. You can't inform me none regardin' justice in Mexico.

"It don't exist—leastways not in Bacerac where the doe had sought it came a tre-where the doe had so the doe had sought it came a tre-where the doe had so the doe had so the do "I burried on, for the dogs were yelping | He mendous big buck, making also for the water. I dropped quickly behind a rock that lay at the river's edge, expecting, of course, that the buck would cross the stream pulling lustily for the shore we had left. mendous big buck, making also for the No Matter How Many Times Captured, course, that the buck would cross the stream course, that the buck would cross the stream as the doe had, and I would have an easy short range shot at him as he lifted himself from the water and turned to take to the woods.

"But that buck knew a trick worth two Criminals seem to be the strongest kind from the water and turned to take to the

as an authorny on criminology and his long of that. The doe had taken her course as given him unusual opportunity of sudy- from the mainland straight out upon a ing scientifically the causes and characteris- tongue or bar that shot into the river perhaps twenty feet, and had leaped into the

one which first got him into trouble. It where the bar joined the mailiand. The dogs had not yet broken from the woods, seems like a strange kind of fatality. I've seems like a strange kind of fatality. I've known instances where one criminal has been arrested and punished five or six times on charges exactly the same.

What makes them do it? I'm not sure I can explain it satisfactorily, but I know it to be the case. It has occurred to me, and possibly this is the simplest explanation, that the reason for a criminal discussion to the same of the water.

*Instead of coming toward me where I leav in amount waiting for him, the buck but I could hear them coming, not far behind. Two or three rods from the shore on that side and about the same distance below the bar a big rock rose above the surface of the water.

has the reason for a criminal adhering strictly lay in ambush waiting for him, the buck o one line of work is the same as the fascina-ion which holds a gambler to a table, si-down close to the side of it next to me, turned his head upstream and remained Each failure or each loss shows the victim motionless, entirely hidden from the sight of anything on the side of the river from

which he had come. "He had scarcely got in that position when the dogs came dashing out of the woods, followed the doe's trail to the tip of the bar. that each turn of the wheel leaves him just that much proce "tkely to win finally. Then there is the desperation, the unconscious and gritty and where the doe had landed and disappeared in the woods. That uncanny appeared in the woods. That uncanny them buckshot o' mine deep in the old feller's lights, I raik'n he ain't!' exclaimed the numer who had come over in the skiff. 'Not with them buckshot o' mine deep in the old feller's lights, I raik'n he ain't!' exclaimed the numer who had come over in the skiff. 'Not with them buckshot o' mine deep in the old feller's lights, I raik'n he ain't!' exclaimed the numer who had come over in the skiff. 'Not with them buckshot o' mine deep in the old feller's lights, I raik'n he ain't!' exclaimed the numer who had come over in the skiff. 'Not with them buckshot o' mine deep in the old feller's lights, I raik'n he ain't!' exclaimed the numer who had come over in the skiff. 'Not with them buckshot o' mine deep in the old feller's lights, I raik'n he ain't!' exclaimed the numer who had come over in the skiff. 'Not with them buckshot o' mine deep in the old feller's lights, I raik'n he ain't!' exclaimed the numer who had come over in the skiff. 'Not with them buckshot o' mine deep in the old feller's lights, I raik'n he ain't!' exclaimed the numer who had come over in the skiff. 'Not with them buckshot o' mine deep in the old feller's lights, I raik'n he ain't!' exclaimed the numer who had come over in the skiff. 'Not with them buckshot o' mine deep in the old feller's lights, I raik'n he ain't!' exclaimed the numer who had come over in the skiff. 'Not with them buckshot o' mine deep in the old feller's lights, I raik'n he ain't!' buck remained motionless against the rock until the dogs were well in midstream, their noses up and pointed in the direction the doe had gone, and then he backed to the lower end of the rock and passed around it to the opposite side, thus ing and poorly carried out. The first feeling stream, their noses up and pointed in the of resignation that follows the bitterness of direction the doe had gone, and then he punishment is when he tells bimself that backed to the lower end of the rock and next time he will not repeat the error which passed around it to the opposite side, thus ted to his defection on the present occasion. hiding himself from any possible chance of

No sooner is he out of the penticular, has he essays again to try his luck, this time carefully avoiding the mistake which first show of reasoning and calculation that "Some friend of the deceased who had more money than was good for him bought a 'dobie's worth of skyrockets and started settin' of 'em off, just as a mark of respect to the departed. A Mexican can't shoot nothin' smaller than a blunderbuss and hit what he aims at, so skyrockets bein' in them will leave at least one toophole, will be buck's head, the last sound of the buck's head, the last sound of

The buck fell where he stood and lav half in the water and half on the har. The shot was a long one, and I felt that I had a right to be joyous over its success and was being so when up jumped the buck.

"He gave a crazy sort of a whirl, dashed called and he got up before the back into the river and swam swiftly downback into the river and swam swiftly down- A cotton worsted is a lie on the face of it stream. I sent another bullet after bim for the cotton stands out with prominence as he disappeared behind the rock and another one when he came in sight past its

on the plaza in the city of Mexico. Diaz comes out on a balcony above them sharply arastra. After which, me understanding of his remarks at times but going at 11 and rings the old Mexicon independence bell, which has been brought up to the capital. That is the signal for beginning the independence celebration.

"Diaz, you know, considers himself a man of destiny. His life has been one long fight against enemies, intrigues, secret plots, open rebellion.

"He has beaten them all and established a good government where there had been only tyranny or chaos for 300 years. They say that he has grown superstitious about the shall have the first of the dignity of its court and could not be arranged to the dignity of its court and could not be arranged to the dignity of its court and could not be arranged to the dignity of its court and could not be appeared.

He considered the act an insuit to the dignity of its court and could not be appeared.

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He of the dignity of its court and could not be appeared to fine any insuit to the dignity of its court and could not be appeared to fine any insuit to the charged with the river. I hustled that youngster into the the dignity of its court and could not be appeared to fine any insuit to the charged with the river. I hustled that youngster into the the charged with the river. I hustled that youngster into the the charged with the river. I hustled that youngster into the the charg

and landed kersouse in the rive

When Cad came to the surface and ttered the water out of his mouth and a tit out of his eyes, the buck stood on bank looking at him as if he was ching the situation immensely, but he joying the situation immensely, but he bounded away into the woods before Cad

got back to shore.

"And from that time the big deer became known as Bitkin's buck, and for years it had been the ambition of the hunters in that part of Texas to bag him. but he had proved too smart for them and obtgeneralled them all—and here was I in unexpected contact with him, and all he chances in favor of my being the one sho was to run him down at last.

"He turned and landed on a little sandy island, where he stopped and faced us, his eves glaring and his bristles standing up on his neck six inches high. The boat "If you'd go through some o' them theals." n his face.

Before I could give it another test the angry buck charged us with lowered head. He struck the boat broadside, tipped it with the shock, and out of it I went, heels

turned and swam back toward the opposite shore, headed for a brushy point a hundred yards or so below the little island off which

point on which the buck was plainly intent on landing and got there just as he was pull-ing himself out of the water. My intention was to knock him down

About the time I had started from where I stood in the river to head the deer off a man had pulled out in a skiff from the spot where the shot had been fired at the buck I couldn't figure it out any other way but what I had merely driven Bitkin's buck down to some lurking hunter, who had

ing across to claim the prize he had won, and if I wasn't a sick and sore man nobody ever was "The man soon landed on the spot, but almost at the same instant who should come in from the shore side but Jed Lang.

given him the death wound and was com-

He glanced at the deer and then at me.

"Got him, I see," said he.

"Raik'n he ain't!" exclaimed the hunter

"It was a battered bullet from a Win-

chester rifle.

"'Hooray!' I yelled 'It's the one I fired at him across the river! I didn't fin him, after all, but put it right where he lived!'

"'Shucks!' exclaimed the hunter who claimed the deer. 'How cud he swum a mile with a bullet in his heart, 'sides takin'

"As he drew himself out upon it and paused to shake the water from his dripping skin I came to my senses. I took careful sim and fired.

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"As he drew himself out upon it and paused to shake the water from his dripping skin I came to my senses. I took careful sim and fired. Boy were after him. The dead deer 'shore was Bitkin's buck.' *

County, or if was in the good ole times.

Then, by m by, Will Turner he come back frum Texas—Texas ain't no sort of State fo' a Kentuckian, bawn and broughts up on fish watch and double barrelled shot worsted is a lie on the face of it, for the cotton stands out with prominence. But often a cotton thread is twisted with a wors ed thread, and to determine its presence it is only necessary to take the twist out of the thread and then examine its component parts.

Cotton, having a long staple, can be carded and combed with wool to be spun into worsted yarn. This is done to cheapen the cost of production. Cotton is carded and spun with wool and shoddy, not so much to cheapen the varn, for cotton is generally as expensive as some shodders, but is introduced to give But often a cotton thread is twisted with a

as some shoddies, but is introduced to give | law! strength or spinning qualities to the stock. In many cases the shoddy is of such short stable that it would not stand the drawing in spinning, and as it would make the cost of the Narn too high to put in enough wool to

determined in this manner: Take a small piece of cloth and weigh it. Now boil it. base of a deer's born will subject the animal to.

"The way it had come about that this big deer was Bitkin's buck was that one day years before Cad Bitkin of the Dowdy Creek bottoms jumped him up and the buck went down under Cad's first shot. Cad, supposing he was dead, went up to cut his throat, and was standing straddled over

SLAND LORD BARREL

The hippo said, "Rare hippocrene Will give me most exquisite pleasure!" The barkeep said, "Beer's what you mean," And handed out marvellous measure

The sport goat looked on in surprise; The barkeep drained every spigot. And murmured, Why, God bless my eyes, You're as big-well-as big as a bigot'



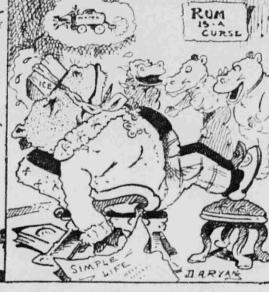
"There's only one pleasure that's real." The hippo remarked, with some feeling "I know, for I've reeled a good deal-

And that is the pleasure of reeling!" The cops bore him off like a bag The last of the year, in their wagon He said. "I feel just like a rag. Although I have more than a rag on!"



The next day he felt hot and cross "That bun," he remarked," was a snorter! It may be the barkseper's loss, But mine in the future is water!

When souls show a proneness to flag They often resort to the flagon; The thing that they catch in the drag Of their fancy is sometimes a dragon!



"I've been there; please pardon the gag Of one who's had many a jag on; As I am somewhat of a wag

'Tis meet I should get on the wagon!'

Now he never goes on a bat; He never takes even a nip o' A ball, you must understand that

He's strictly an H 2 O hippo

Woman in the Arm-

"Speakin" of Breathitt county, and the late little excitement down theah," said the Kentucky Colonel. "d'you heab anything

mo' of it? Anybody else killed? "If it had happened in Harrodsburg it wouldn't 'a' ended so sudden. I can promise you that. Is pose now you don't remembah the mother-in-law feuri of Breathitt county. Nevah heard of it? One of the mos' famous feuds of that paht of the wuhld.

"P'raps you didn't know it by that name That voungster was an expert in handling his boat, and he seen had me within
safe shooting distance of the swimming
buck, and I fired. My shot struck the
water just ahead of the buck and splashed
in his feed. feud altogethah fo the savin' of time: but

"If you'd go through some o' them theah mountain cemeteries you'd see grave affah grave decorated with wooden boards with this inscripshon on 'em: 'Mahtah to the

cause of the mother-in-law!" "Mothers-in-law kick up a good deal of rumpus in all pahrs of the withld, but this one didn't do a thing to Breathitt county

"As I say, the Garrards and the Bakers had about killed each othah off and were waitin' fo' the children to grow to shootin' size so's to continue the pufformance when the White-Howards took a turn. Then come the Baker-Whites, then come the Howard-Turners and the feud of the mothers in-law.

"This was whut occuld. Wilkerson Howard and Will Turner had hot withda about semething or othah, I disremembah jest what, and Will Turner he went deliberately to Wilkerson Howard's house and shot his mother-in-law. Shot her in the

"Splashing across the shallow channel between the island and the mainland. I made my way as rapidly as I could to the will be the couldn't call his soul his own with the couldn't call his soul his own fo' his ole mother in law. His wife wan't much bettah. Neithah wah his childern. The ole lady happuned to be quiet about that time. Wa'n't savin' nuthin' a tall Jest a settin' in the compah of the fiahplace, smokin' her ole cob pipe and studyin' up deviment fo' the next day in all probability.

smokin' her ole cob pipe and studyin' up devilment fo'the next day in all probability. Had done all she could fo' that day and war restin' on her ahms, when Will Turner shot one on 'em. Then he lit out, and it was high time. They say theah nevah was a madder man in Breathitt county than Wilkerson Howard was that night He called all the Howards together, and theah was somethin' doin' fo' a pe'iod of time in Breathitt county That's all theah was to that

"Fust and last that little shootin' of Will Turner's cost Kentucky all in all about fiftynine or sixty lives, to say nuthin' of the money spent in lawsuits a-tryin' to convict the pabties whut participated in the various

the pabties whut participated in the various and sundry wars that raged all around that mother-in-law fo' yeahs and yeahs and yeahs in Breathitt county.

"But to begin with, with a constable of their own choosin', the Howards, ten on 'em, includin' a 'Sheriff whut belonged to the family and a Jedge or two, they set out with the puppose of killin' Will Turner on sight under covah of a written warrunt fo' his arrest on the chahge of shootin' with intent to kill without killin'.

"But, as I said befo', Will got a inklin' of it and lit out. He went to Texas and stayed theah fo' a solid yeah while the Howards killed off his immediate fam'ly and burned a few towns a time or two-to

and burned a few towns a time or two to keep up the interest. "Wilkerson Howard was ve'y matter of "Wilkerson Howard was ve'y matter of fact about plannin' his campaign. He got his men togethah and organized a camp. He prepahd fo' war and kep' things goin' by shootin' right and lef' at anything he thought had the look of a Turner or a relative or a sympathizer of po' Will's

"He killed so many, as a mattah of fac', that he felt called upon onct or twice to go through a sutt'n fo'm of havin' himse'f tried fo' manslaughter. Got a picked guard of ahmed relatives and friends and invariably give him bail and set him free. Whut Jedge wouldn't, with so many walkin' arsenals about ready and willin't to tar and feather him and burn down the co't house

and the town if he didn't "It's a techy thing, bein' Jecige in Breathitt county, or it was in the good ole times.
"Then, by'm by, Will Turner he come

"They do a good many original things in Breathitt county. They don't stick to no special rule for nuthin', exceptin', of cose, in the mattah of shootin'. Take aim'

Fiah!' is their special rule fo' that.
"But you ah right. I reckon, and it was an give that lacking strength, cotton is put in for this purpose.

The percentage of cotton in a fabric can be determined in this manner. Take a small sonal friend of Wilkerson Howard's whut wore a mailed shirt and got close enough to him occasionally to converse on mo' or less intimate fums

less intimate turns.

"'Does seem a strange thing to me.' he says to Howard, 'fo' you to kick up seeh a terrible rumpus ovah yo'h mother-in-law. Seeh an awful row involvin' putty much everybody in Breathitt county jest because a fellah shot your mother-in-law in the alm. Seem's to me it don't stand to reason somehow o' othab. It don't atall.

"With that my friend says Wilkerson Howard fixed his eyes on the ground ye'r "With that my triend says Wilkerson Howard fixed his eyes on the ground ve'y melancholy, broodin' laik.
"That's jest it, says he; he shot her in the ahm. If he'd a shot her outright, 'nuf said. Theah wouldn't a bin no mother-in-law feud in Breathitt county."

Married Another Man.

From the Baltimore Sun. Some years ago the business of hunting for persons entitled to forgotten or unclaimed deposits in the Savings Bank of Baltimore vas lucrative and the aggregate amount of such deposits was very large. Now, it is said, they have been so reduced by the finding of the persons entitled to them that the amount of such deposits in the Sa vings Bank of Balti

Mr. Malcolm V. Tyson, who has succeeded finding the persons entitled to a of such deposits, is now hunting for the heirs of George II. Richardson, to whose credit about \$800 is on deposit in the Savings Bank of Baltimore. Mr. Richardson was a mariner and made a deposit in the bank in 1850, when he was in Baltimore. The information obtained by Mr. Tyson is to the effect that Mr. Richardson became engaged to marry a girl in this city and went to the gold fields in California to make a fortune for binself and his prospective wife. When he returned to this city after an absence of about three years he cound that the girl who had engaged to marry im had marcied another man. Then Mr. Richardson deappeared and nothing is known of what became of him. such deposits, is now hunting for the heirs

Winter Quarters of Circuses.

From the Chicana Tribune. A dramatic paper gives the names and ddresses of 118 circuses and other road shows which have gone into winter quarters.
Of these sighteen make their homes in Pennsylvania, fourtiern in Maryland, cleven in Misseuri and ten in Indiana, these being the most popular States as winter quarters.

The second section of the second section of the